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From Greenland's icy Mountains.

A MISSIONARY HYMN

by the late **BISHOP HEBER** of Calcutta.

Composed & Dedicated to

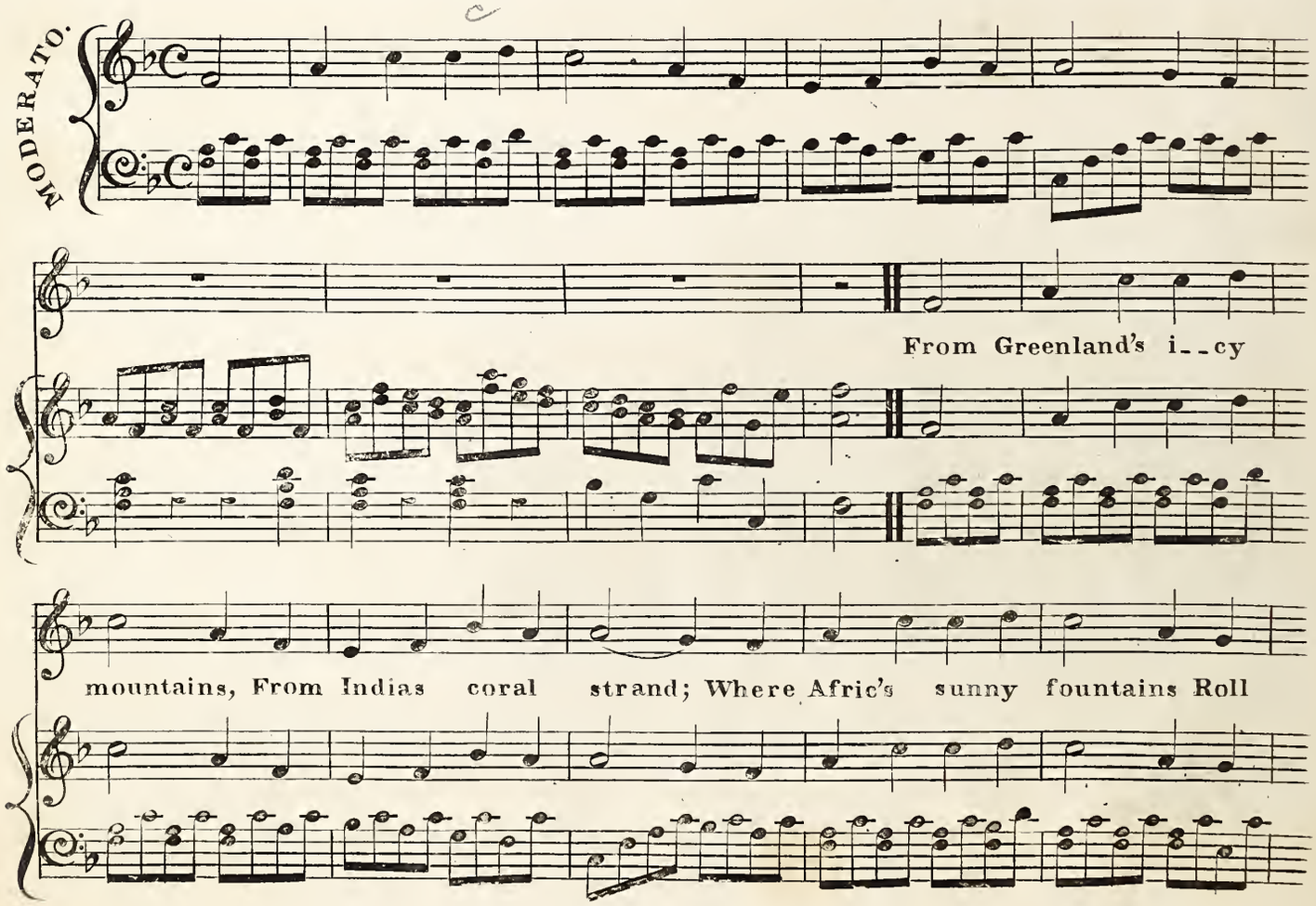
Miss Mary W. Howard

of Savannah, Georgia.

By

Lowell Mason.

BOSTON: Published by JOHN ASHTON 197 Washington St



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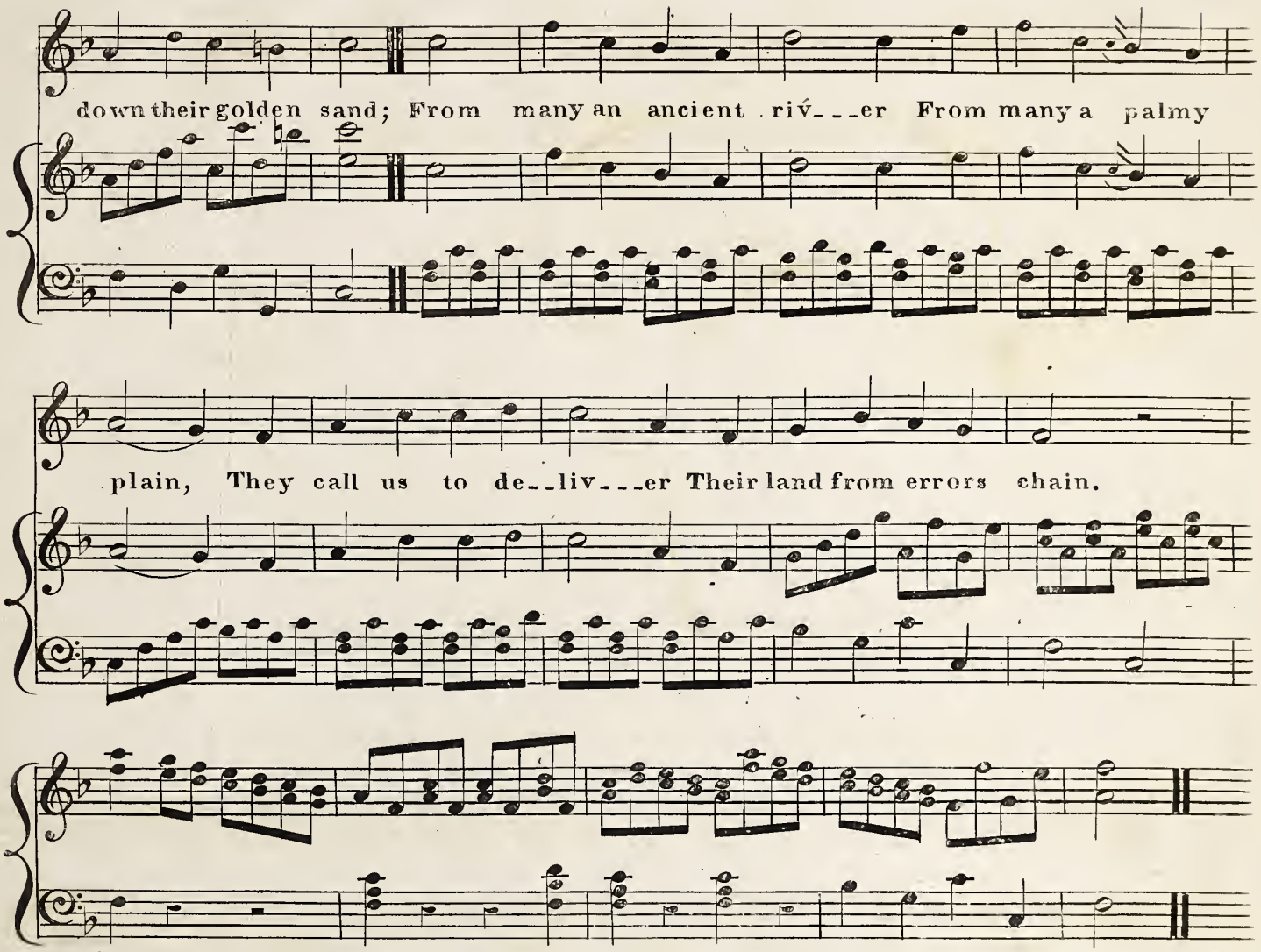
down their golden sand; From many an ancient riv_ _ _er From many a palmy
plain, They call us to de_ _liv_ _ _er Their land from errors chain.

2.

What tho' the spicy breezes Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
Tho' ev'ry prospect pleases, And only man is vile;
In vain with lavish kindness The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen in his blindness Bows down to wood and stone.

3.

Shall we, whose souls are lighted By wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O salvation! The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation Has learnt Messiah's name.

4.

Waft, waft, ye winds, his story, And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory, It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransom'd nature, The lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator, In bliss returns to reign.

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